



A DAUGHTER OF CHERRY HILL.

An American Drama

In Four Acts.

By

MRS IVAR LEVINSOHN.

Copyrighted by Mrs Ivar Levinsohn.

740 - N. 34 St.

N. Y. City

Characters:

Mr Canton.

Mrs Canton.

Mr Longworth.

Richard Longworth.

James Longworth.

Mike.

Fred, the butler.

Leonore Longworth.

Carol Canton.

Scene: A room in a very poor tenement. There is very little furniture in it: and it's general appearance is wretched. A woman is lying on a couch, apparently asleep; she is very pale and haggard looking. As curtain rises Jim, the woman's husband, enters half drunk, looks around, throws off hat and walks over to the stove.

Jim highcoughing, As usual, not a bit of fire in the damn stove. That girl is more of an ornament around the house than a help. He looks over to the couch, Hello, you laying around too! Mrs Ferguson sent a postal; she expects to have a day's work for you tomorrow.

Mrs Ofeebly, Perhaps I will be able to go to her tomorrow.

Jim gruffly, Perhaps. No perhaps about it; if you don't go, we'll starve. I can't get a damned thing to do, except sweep a saloon; then I don't get money for it. I get a drink; and that girl o' yours, she don't make enough to pay the rent, so how are we going to live?

Mrs O Please don't worry me now; I feel too sick to listen to it.

Jim Be-gosh, you're always sick. I wish I was you and you was me then one of us would be working.

Mrs O Give me a little water, Jim, will you?

Jim Wait till I ~~mix~~ light me pipe. He begins filling his pipe.

Mrs O sinks limply back on her pillow.

Enter Carol with two bundles of wood and a pail of coal, Carol throws off ragged coat and Now, mother dear, you'll soon be warm. She begins fixing fire.

Jim Where did you get the wood and coal?

Carol I scrubbed up the dutch grocer's store for it.

Jim Did'nt he have any more scrubbin' to do?

Car Yes, he did; but I would'nt do it. I would'nt trust mother to your care when she is ailing so bad.

The wood is beginning to crackle.

Jim You can trust ter me allright; you jist go over there and finish up the job. I'll take care o' her til yer git back.

Car throws coal on fire then looks up at her father. The work at the grocery is to clean the show-windows, to drag the barrels and clean the cellar. You're better fit to do that work than me.

Jim removes pipe from mouth, Look at her trying to teach her own father.

Car comes over to him. I am not trying ter teach you, dad; I am only trying to save my mother. Look at her; can't you see she is fadin' fast. She's all I got, dad. You and me ain't never been friends; and tain't likely we ever will be, so, when she's gone, I am all alone, dad; She sobs, All alone.
A few moments silence.

Jim I say, girl, will the grocer let me do the job for him?

Car looks up at him, surprised, Just tell him Carol sent you.

Jim picks up hat and goes over to stove and looks at fire. You need;nt be afear'd ter burn all the coal; I'll fetch some more. He goes over and looks at his wife. She might be wantin' a cup o' tea. Ask Mrs Barney for some; I'll give it back ter her to-night. He leaves.

Car I reached his heart again, but it will onlt last till to-morrow ter-morrow he'll forget all the good in him. She goes over to her mother. She's asleep; how pale she is. She touches her hand. She's cold as ice. She takes everything she can

find, even the old table cloth and the skirt she is wearing, and covers her mother with it. She then runs over to the fire throws in the rest of the coal, and accidentally drops the pail on the floor. She looks over at her mother. She must be sound asleep not ter hear this darned thing fall. She warms her hands over fire. Gee, but this feels bully; it's like life over again. She sighs. I wouldn't want life over again as it is now; it's just as well ter be dead as ter live like this. She sits down on a chair near the stove.

I sometimes git to thinking about mother when she was as old as I am now. She used ter tell me how her mother used ter scold her because she wouldn't eat chicken. Just think of it; she wouldn't eat chicken. She smacks her lips. Well, I'd be satisfied with a bite o' corned beef, if it did 'nt stink. Yes, that's one thing about mother and me; we'd eat some damned cheap stuff, but nothing rotten. No. She sits thinking a few moments, then says slowly. I wish I could have faith in them fairy tales mother used ter read ter me. It was so nice imaginin' I seen them faeries coming along with all them nice things for us; but even that's gone. Even the imaginin' o' something good is gone away from me, and all that's left is my poor mother, and I am afraid she is going away from me too. She jumps up. No, I can get along without the chicken and without the fairies, but I can't get along without me mother. If I lose her—a pause—then I'll stop thinkin' o' God. I won't even say me prayers.

A knock on the door is heard. She startles, I wonder who it can be? She steps to think. Oh, yes, it's the landlord again coming for his rent, and I ain't

got any ter give him. A pause. I'll make beleve I am out. She stands still. Another knock is heard. Darn his buttons, he'll wake mother if he keeps that up. Another knock. I'll have to open the door before he wakes her. She opens door slowly. Enter land lord.

Car I- I- I did't hear you knock, sir; yer- yer see the water was runnin' and it makes such a noise you can hear nothing else'

Mr L Mrs Harney was telling me your mother is very ill, and you are very poor, so I came in to see what I could do for you. She startles, her eyes begin to brighten, she is almost too happy to speak.

Car I was just thinkin: big girls like me ain't got no fairies workin' for them, but I see they have. Yes, sir, my poor mother is very sick, and I can't pay the rent; not this week anyway, perhaps next week mother will feel better; then I kin go ter work, and sure as my name is Carol I'll pay it to you as soon as I get it. Yer won't—yer won't turn us out?

Mr L Of course not; you may stay as long as you like and pay when you can.

Car moved to tears, Oh, thank you, thank you, dear, kind sir. I'll pray for you every night of my life. She runs over to her mother. Mother, mother, wake up. I've got such good news for you' I can't wait ter tell you. She takes hold of her mother's hand and shakes it. Wake up, wake up, mother; you'll be so glad—She looks at her mother wildly, as she drops the limp hand. Mr L. ,there is something wrong with my mother. She runs to other side of bed, where she can touch her mother's face. As she does so she screams aloud. Oh, Mr L. her face is as cold as death. She throws her arms around her

mother's neckerying: Mother. Mother, we found a friend at last; open your eyes and look at him. Oh, for God's sake, mother, don't frighten me so. Open your eyes, please. please open your eyes. She looks at her mother's face wildly. Oh, my God, my mother is dying. She runs over to Mr L. , and falls on her knees, crying: Please. please get a doctor oh, please do.

Mr L. goes over to her mother, picks up her hand, lays it down again; takes out handkerchief to brush away a tear, then goes over to the girl.

Mr L looks at Carol tenderly, My dear child, your mother is beyond all medical help.

Car You mean---

Mr L I mean she is dead.

Car stunned, whispers, Dead?

Mr L bows head, Yes, my poor child; she is dead.

Carol, as if in a dream, walks over to her mother.

Car looking at mother, Oh, mother, how could you go away without even saying good-bye? You never let me go to sleep till I kissed yer, and now--- she weeps---now you went ter sleep ferever without kissing yer own dear girl. She wails and throws herself on the bed.

Mr L. goes over lifts her up, and takes her in his arms.

Mr L Little girl, if your mother had her wretched life to live over again, would you care to bring her back to life?

Car She was very unhappy, but then she had much to hope for. I'm a big girl now, and when she was well enough to be left alone I could earn enough to keep her; besides she did'nt live for herself at all. She lived for me, and now, now she is gone, gone to all the angels, while I am left here all

alone, all alone. She weeps.

Mr L You're not all-together alone, you have a father.

Car Yes, I have a father; but he and I don't hitch. We never did. He fooled my mother into marriage with him, pretendin' he was a rich gentleman, and when her money was all gone he began to abuse her, and kept it up till today. Oh, my poor, poor mother. She weeps.

Mr L aside, I always thought there was something refined about Mrs Canton. He stops to think, then calls gently: Carol. Carol looks up tearstained and haggard.

Mr L Carol, I will see that your mother's last resting place be a decent one.

Car sobs, Oh. please. please let her stay with me as long as possible. You know, when once she passes through that door I will never see her dear face again.

Mr L brushes away a tear, She will stay as long as the undertaker will ~~admit~~ permit. I will send my daughter to you; she will stay and comfort you.

Car goes over to Mr L. How happy your girl must be with such a father.

Mr L Carol, if, when all is over here, you would care to share my Leonore's happiness, I will gladly take you to my home.

Car runs over to her mother's bedside, crying: Oh, mother, mother, try to hear me. I am not alone, dear, I am not alone. She falls on bed, weeping.

Curtain.

Act II.

Scene: Library in Mr Longworth's home.

Leonore is writing at desk; her brother, James, is hunting up a book.

Jame So you are really going to bring that poor house-girl in here, are you?

Leo That poor house girl, as you call her, had a mother who was a lady, James.

Jame Perhaps; but we ~~shn~~ have 'nt much proof of that, though we do have proof, that her father is common drunkard, a saloon mop.

Leo If she had her way about it, she would have chosen a father like ours.

Jame Whew; You must have been reading Bernhard Shaw.

Leo Perhaps I have, and perhaps I think he is right.

Jame Well, I don't and never will.

Leo Well, I don't know as Mr Shaw will worry very much about it. You see, he tries to penetrate liberal minds.

Jame throws book on the floor, I'll see, that you don't read any more of Shaw.

Leo Aleck says I may read them; and, you know, father approves of Aleck's choice of reading matter.

Jame Dear, saintly Aleck, what does he think of bringing the girl, whose mother thought she was a lady, into this house?

Leo rises, angry, Now, look here, James; that poor girl's mother is dead and laid to rest. She never troubled you or yours, so you will please respect her memory, at least in my presence

Mr L enters, looks at both children, I hope, you have not been quarreling again.

Jame No. we are not quarreling; but I can't see why you will bring

an ignorant girl whose father is nothing but a drunkard, into this house as a companion for your daughter. Why, she'll make us the laughing stock of society.

Mr L Well, I don't know about that. I think she possesses more sense and beauty than the little fancy-bred dogs some of the ladies carry around with them. If each one of those little useless animals were replaced with some little orphan child how many dear little lives would be made happy.

James Then you class this girl with mere little pups?

Mr L If we will give her the love and care that is wasted on those pups we will succeed in making her very happy.

Leo goes over to her father and kisses him, I am so proud of you, father.

James Have it your way; I hope you will not regret it.

He goes to the door, and comes face to face with his brother and Carol.

Fred This is Miss Carol.

Carol is dressed in an ugly calico gown, tied at the waist with an old black ribbon. She wears an old jacket with a black rag around the arm. Her hat is of straw, with some black trimmings and ribbons falling the back of it. In all, her appearance is most laughable, yet deplorable. She carries a little package, which she holds tightly, and as she looks at the ~~the~~ family and the splendor of it all, she is frightened most out of her wits.

James draws back a step or two, and endeavors not to laugh.

Leo goes over to Carol and holds out her hand, Come right in, Carol. She leads her in. Carol is very uncomfortable, and keeps on looking at James. Leonore takes bundle from her.

Carol Please don't take the bundle from me; my mother's picture is

in it.

Leo I am not going to keep it, dear; I only wanted to make you comfortable.

Car I can't be very comfortable with those eyes staring at me, as if I was an escaped lunatic.

James Oh, if I am causing you any annoyance I'll withdraw. He goes to the door.

Mr L calls to him, James, before you go I would like Carol and you to shake hands. Carol is nervous. James comes forward. Carol begins removing ragged glove. Leonore leads Carol to James. They shake hands.

James I hope you will like your new home.

Car And I hope you're sorry you laughed at me.

James bites his lip, whispers, I am sorry. He goes to the door, and walks out slowly.

Leo Take off your hat, Carol, come, sit down, and do try to feel at home.

Mr L Yes, I want you to begin at once to consider yourself one of the family. You have seen us all but one, my oldest son.

Leo I know you will like him. He is good and charitable, and he was glad to hear you were coming to stay with us.

Enter Richard. Leonore sees him first.

Leo There he is. She runs over and takes his hand. Come, let me introduce you to Carol. She leads him over to Carol, who is very nervous. This is my big brother, Richard.

Car to R. as he holds out his hand, I hope you won't be sorry because I came.

Rich I'm quite sure I won't be sorry; you will make a delightful companion for Leonore.

Carol looks after him as he walks towards his father.

Leo whispers, How do you like him, Carol?

Car whispers, He's like one of those hero- fellows in a novel.

Rich to his father, quietly, She's a beautiful girl, father, and when she will be dressed in better clothes there will be no trace of coarseness about her.

Mr L By- the way, Leonore, have 'nt any of the dresses arrived yet?

Leo No; I have telephoned twice. They said they would hurry as much as possible, but nothing has arrived as yet.

Rich Why, Leonore, I should think Carol could wear some of your clothes. You must still some black dresses; it is not so very long that we are out of mourning.

Leo Why, yes, I never thought of that. Come along, Carol, we'll soon find something to fit you; you see, it's only two years my mother is dead, and there must be some black dresses in the wardrobe. She takes Carol by the hand. Come along, dear.

Car I wonder if I am asleep and dreaming.

Leo No, you're wide awake; so come along, dear, come along. She drags Carol by the hand, who keeps on looking at the men in a bewildered manner. When they reach the door, Carol suddenly reminds herself.

Car Oh, my bundle. It might be misplaced.

Richard picks up the bundle and gives it to her. She takes it from him, looking into his face with a deep look of absolute trust. She turns her head and goes in with Leonore.

Rich to his father, Father, I think that little girl will bring sunshine into our home. Leonore has never laughed heartily since mother died. This girl has also felt the blow of that awful whip; but she is a different type of a girl. She will be very merry or she will be very sad. She will seldom feel

✓
sad, for she will not want to appear a burden in the house,
so I think we will be getting the best of the whole bargain.

Mr L You are very clever, Richard, but not clever enough to hide
the fact that you are smitten by her beauty.

Rich laughs, No man with open eyes can fail to see she's beautiful

Mr L Yes, that's so; but I only hope she's as good as she is beautiful. I know her mother was a lady, who did her best to teach her girl right from wrong; but then, you place a good piece of fruit alongside of a bad one, and you know the result. The class of children she played with were low, and the class of women that surrounded her were a mixed sort: low, ignorant and bad. There were perhaps some good ones, but very few, very few. That's my only fear; she may not be---

Rich puts up his hand, Don't say the rest, father; I am almost sure she is good, and it would be a crime to believe for one moment she's not all that's good.

Enter James; goes over to book-case and picks up book, he had thrown down before, looks at it and says:

James Did you see the girl, Richard?

Rich I did.

James What do you think of her?

Rich Well, I must confess she looked pretty awkward in those rags; but then, clothes don't make the person.

Enter butler.

Fred The plumber wishes to see Mr L,

Mr L All right, Fred, I will be right down. Fred leaves.

Mr L Now, don't you two get to arguing about the girl; I think she'd have either one of you. Smiles, goes to door and leaves.

James Father must have great ambitions for his sons.

Rich Take care, James; the poor girl is a victim of cruel fate.

You deserve no credit, as the saying goes, for being born with a golden spoon in your mouth any more than she deserves to be sneered at for being born with a tin spoon,

James It's not what she was born with; it's what she was brought up with. You wouldn't like to wear a diamond ring ~~on~~ on one finger and a glass stone on another?

Rich No, the glass could never become a diamond, no matter how hard you'd try; but if you try to polish up this girl you'll find she will be the equal to the diamond.

James I shouldn't like to try it. I am afraid it would be a difficult job.

Rich I am going to try it, and I am going to succeed.

James as he goes to the door, Let me wish you luck in the attempt.

Enter butler.

Fred A fellow, looking much like a tramp, says he must see Mr Longworth at once.

James Don't you know better than to come up with a message like that?

Fred Your father very often sees and speaks kindly to a tramp.

Rich Show the man in. Fred leaves.

James All these foolish things would never occur if mother were ~~still~~ alive.

Rich Mother's life would have been a much brighter one had she coincided with her husband's views.

Enter Butler with Mr Canton, Carol's father. Butler leaves.

Canton is nervously fingering his hat, looking from one to the other.

Rich Will you tell us who you are and what you wish?

Mr C I--er--I am Mr Canton, Carol's father.

Rich Oh. I see—James looks sharply at Richard—I suppose you came to see your daughter?

Mr C Well—er—not all together; I came ter see yer father.

Rich He'll be in directly. Won't you sit down? Mr C. sits down.

I suppose my father and you came to an agreement before Carol came here?

Mr C Yes, but I'm sorry I let 'er go.

Enter Mr L., looks at Mr C.

Mr L Why, Mr Canton; what brings you here?

Rich Mr Canton is sorry he allowed Carol to come here.

Mr L He's sorry? Why, he was so happy at first, he cried with joy.

Mr C Yes, I did think it would be fine for Carol, but I ferget meself. I ain't got nobody in the world but her, and life ain't worth livin' alone.

Mr L But you must think of her. Think of the awful life she will lead if she goes back to you.

Mr C Well, I don't know about that. Carol will cost you something here; if—if ye'll help her a little bit in her own home, she kin stay with her own father.

James That's the sort of people to be kind to, isn't it Richard?

Mr L But suppose I am not inclined to help her, if she leaves my home?

Mr C Then she's old enough to work an' help her father.

Mr L I think her father looks strong enough to work himself.

Enter Leonore and Carol. Carol is dressed becomingly in black, her hair arranged on back of her head; in all she looks very beautiful. As she comes forward she sees her father, and shrinks back. Her father looks at her, stands up and says:

Mr C Well, girl have yer nothin' to say ter yer father because yer

dressed like er lady?

Car I am surprised to see you so soon.

Mr G So soon? Yer can't be glad ter see me, or it would 'nt be to soon.

Rich comes forward, Your father came to take yu home, Carol.

Car startles, Take me home? Why, father, you were so glad and grateful to Mr Longworth for taking me in his home.

Mr G Yes, I was; but if ye' had any feelin' you'd think a little fer yer father.

Carol looks hopelessly from one to the other.

Car in low tone, I think it would be best for me to speak to father alone.

Mr L Very well, child; but I do not wish you to make a final ~~starts~~ decision before I see you. Mr L, and his children leave.

Car So you came to take me back ter that awful dungeon again?

Mr G It was an allright home fer you before yer came here; you was glad when we could pay the rent fer it.

Car Yes, I was glad to be able to pay the rent fer it when my poor mother lived; the sight of her face was dearer to me than all these rich things. The sound of her voice was dearer to me than the clinking of all the gold they possess; and the touch of her hand was a healer for all my sufferings. But she's gone now; there is nothing home now but cold boards, and the memory of my mother's misery. She weeps.

Mr G I'm home, ain't I? And I'm yer father; I never thought I'd miss yer like I do.

Car Have you ever thought how you ruined my mother's life; have you ever thought how you broke her heart by abusing her only child as you did? You know as well as I know she died of a broken heart, and you were the cause of it.

Mr C Ye' never dared ter talk ter me like that in me own home.

Car It was'nt because I respected you, but because you'd beat me in the presence of my mother, and sometimes in your drunken fury you would even beat her.

Mr C furiously, Take care; I kin still do some beatin'.

Car You can beat all you like now; mother can't worry any more.

Mr C Now, look here, girl, I want you to come home with me. I raised ye' till yer near eighteen now, and yer need'nt think I am goin' ter let yer live on honey, an' me on mud. You kin work fer a livin'; there's no excuse now, yer mother don't need ye' any more.

Car You never had any excuse for not working.

Mr C Well, I' a-goin' ter work now. We'll both work, an' we'll save enough money ter buy some new furniture.

Car Father, you know you killed my mother, and now you ask her child to go and live with you and toil for you. I won't do it, and if I must leave this house I will work for myself and live alone.

He rushes toward her, intending to strike her; enter Richard.

Rich You must excuse me for being within call; I was a little suspicious. He turns to Mr C. Your presense here is no longer required. Your daughter will remain here, as long as she ~~sings~~ pleases.

Mr C sneering, She will, hey; well, she won't. I am her father,

Rich. Too bad, it can't be helped. But she is old enough to have a word to say for herself.

Mr C goes to the door, There's a law fer what yer tryin' to do here and I'll get the law ter stand by me.

Rich We'll wait till you get it.

Mr G Yer won't have long ter wait.

Rich We'll take a chance.

Canton goes to the door, stands fumbling with hat as is in deep thought, then slowly turns, comes back over to Richard, and looks him straight in the eye.

Mr G I want ter tell ye' somethingshe don't undersand. Mr Longworth, my daughter is pretty, an' I kin see you've got a soft spot in yer heart fer her. I want yer ter know, she's ~~not~~ drunkard's daughter; but she's decent, and she's honest. When I see her agin, I expect ter find her lookin' up—he pauses—not down. He turns and walks slowly to the door; looks at daughter, and walks out silently.

Carol sits down, her eyes lowered to the floor.

Rich comes over to her, Your father isn't a bad man after all.

Car He is week, very, very week.

Rich Perhaps your mother did not try?

Car She would not try, because all her young love turned to hate, when she learned he married her for her money only.

Rich But there might have been the makings of a good man in him.

Car May be that's true; but mother would never forgive him. She was such a happy girl before she met him; she was the idol of her home till he came along, pretending he was rich and good. He took her West, saying there he had a mine, but instead there he spent her money on drink.

Rich That was very cruel indeed; but even then she might have tried to make the best of her bad bargain.

Car I would have the same as she did; I could never forgive him.

Rich Carol, your mother made a mistake, because she had no one to teach her right from wrong. She was out in the rain with an umbrella to shield her; but she might have done better by

trying to get into a house. Now, little girl, you are going to get out of the rain; I am going to show you how easy it is.

Car Mother is dead now; nothing else matters much.

Rich You are alive, and so is your father---

Leo enters, Is he gone?

Rich Yes, he's gone; but he'll come again some day, when he is in better humor. Carol will be glad to see him, so will we.

Leo You look all worn out, Carol; you're going to lie down and rest. ~~Then, she~~ leads her to the door. Carol looks after Richard. They leave.

Rich Poor child, what a wretched life she must have led. He lights a cigar, puffs a few seconds. Her father said she is decent and she is honest. I was almost certain of that before, but now I am sure. I want to find her looking up not down when I see her again, he said. Puffs vigorously at cigar as he stands meditating.

Enter Fred, looking very much troubled.

Fred Has that fellow left?

Rich Yes.

Jame If I were you, Richard, I wouldn't have that fellow around here any more.

Rich Why not? He's the girl's father.

Jame Well, that don't make him any better than he is.

Rich It won't hurt you or me to have him come in here for a few moments to see his child.

Jame He might see too much; those fellows can't stand too much of temptation.

Rich That man is honest; if he were not he would have served a sentence, and his wife and child would not have lived in such utter poverty.

Jame You talk like a school-boy; he never saw real gold before.

He knows it's here, and he gets the chance to see it.

Rich James, I wish you were less like mother who always found something to fret about. You see, father never sees the bad before he sees the good, and he's much better off for it, isn't he?

Jame Well, I don't know about that; his time has'nt come yet, perhaps it's on the way now. He is fool enough to take a little beggar into the house, and that I will say is'nt so bad since I have seen her in Leonore's dress; but her father, a common drunkard coming in and going out—, well, I hope you both don't regret it.

Rich If Leonore's dress has made the girl win some favor in your eyes perhaps a suit of your or mine will have the same effect on the father.

Jame The girl is very pretty—

Rich Yes, you seem to have noticed that. He puffs at his cigar for a few moments, then walks slowly over to James. James, Mr Canton is a drunkard, but he was sober enough to say to me: Mr Longworth, my girl's pretty, but she is decent and she's honest.

Jame He said that with a purpose.

Rich Yes, but he also said: I expect to see her looking up, not down. He looks at James suspiciously.

Curtain.

ACT III.

Scene: Same as in Act II.

Time: Two months later, about 10,30 p.m.

James is seated in large arm chair smoking. He looks very ~~much~~ worried and agitated; gets up and walks rapidly up and down room, as if trying to reach some conclusion,

James It's no use, I will have to try Richard. There's no other way; the old gent is pigheaded. He will sooner see me in jail and poney up the money, then he break his heart because I ruined his name. No, that won't do; I've got to get the money, I'll never go to jail, if I can help it.—A pause.— Richard, yes, that's the only way. He'll keep father from the knowledge as long as he can; but suppose, suppose Richard has'nt got it, what then? I am up against it good and hard. If I can't lay my hands on the money somehow, there's nothing left but to blow out my brains.

Mr L enters, I thought you had gone to bed, James?

James I changed my mind. I want to see Richard when he gets back; has he been out long?

Mr L He is out for a walk with the girls; I don't think he will be very long, that is if the did not go to Pabst's, Richard's favorite spot.

James I hope he won't be long, I am very tired.

Mr L Can't you see him in the morning?

James No, I may oversleep; you know Richard leaves much earlier than I do.

Mr L looks at him, James, there is something wrong; you are not yourself for the last few weeks.

James I am all-right father. You know what you used to say to mother: don't borrow trouble, for you can't give it back.

Mr L goes over to James and puts his hand on son's shoulder, A father will take his boy's trouble, if he can. Come now, my boy, let me be your judge and jury too; perhaps the verdict will not be as severe as you imagine.—James hesitates.— You still hesitate? Well, I am going to guess. There are two kinds of trouble for a man: theft or love. My son is not a thief, so, who is she, that she dare refuse my son's hand?

James glad to grasp the hint, She is already a wife.

Mr L shrinks back, A wife, and does she know?

James Yes.

Mr L Does she permit you?

James No, but I can't help loving her just the same.

Mr L But, my boy, your case is a hopeless one.

James I know, but then, I can't put her out of my life as easily as she came into it.

Mr L My poor boy, I am very, very sorry for you; but I suppose that's no comfort for you in your sorrow. You must brace up, there are disappointments in every man's life; very, very few escape it. He walks over to desk and opens it. Do you know, from the way you have been hanging around Carol I thought, xx perhaps—

James Would you really accept that girl as a daughter-in-law?

Mr L Why not? I have learned to love that girl as if she were my own. I would be very glad to have one of my boys make her his wife.

James Well, Richard may accommodate you; but she'll have the advantage over him: her father-in-law would be a gentleman while 22.

his would be a tramp.

Mr L. opens drawer in desk, takes out five rolls of bills, counts them, places them back in drawer, and looks the same.

Mr L. turns to James, If I were a tramp, would the blame be yours? James No, but I would keep in my place.

Mr L. It's no use, James; you are a chip of the old block; your mother is to blame, more than you. He looks the desk, and looks at his watch. Eleven o'clock; they must be having a fine time.

James hesitatingly, Did,nt you go to the bank today?

Mr L. No; as usual, absentminded, I put the money in my coat and then passed by the bank forgetting to go in; but it will be allright for one night. He goes to the door, then stops. See that everything is well fastened before you go to bed; I am a little nervous about having so much money in the house, but I'd rather leave it in the desk, than keep it in one of our rooms. It won't hurt the desk to have the top smashed, but it would hurt us to have -- he points to top of his head-- our top smashed. He laughs and leaves the room.

James as door closes, Providence has worked for me; I've got the money now, I am safe. Oh, my God, it's too good to be true. If he suspects me I am lost to him for good, but then I will have this money. and I'll do my best to throw the suspicion on that drunkard. He believes I am worried over a woman. Bah. As if any woman could make me as miserable as the thought of spending a few years in jail. I wonder if I could'nt try and get it before they get in.? It would be off my mind.

He takes out a bunch of keys, goes over to the desk, tries one, then another; they do not fit. A sound is heard in the

hall. James quickly removes keys, puts them in his pocket and sits down in chair, picks up book and pretends he is reading.
Enter Richard, Leonore and Carol.

Rich I thought you said you would go to bed early?

James I intended to; but then something came into my mind, I could 'nt rest, so I came down again.

Car Too bad you did 'nt come along with us; we had a delightful time, did 'nt we, ~~James~~ Leonore?

Leo I should say we did; but I'll be blessed if I would do the same thing over again to-morrow; I am so tired, I could sleep standing up.

Car I am not as tired as all that. You see, I have 'nt been accustomed to lying on a couch all day; I am trained to walk.

James looking at Carol, in low tone, There's no mistake; she is a damned deuced pretty girl. He looks at her closely.

Leo Are you coming to bed, dear?

Car I will follow you in a few minutes.

Leo to Richard, as she looks in through door, Oh, it's dreadfully dark in my room; won't you go in and turn on a light, Richard?

Car Oh, you little coward; come. I'll turn on the light.

Rich Ho, I'll go; I want to fix a bromo for myself at the same time. He goes to door.

Leo Good night, Carol.

Car goes over and kisses her, Good night, dear.

Leo Good night, James.

James kisses her, Good night. They go in.

Car I stayed to tell you something for your good, Mr Longworth.

James And I stayed to tell you, you are as pretty as a picture to-night.

Car I wear the same face both day and night.

Jame I never saw you look as pretty as you do to-night. —She looks at him sharply.— What you can't get with permission don't ask for. He suddenly takes her in his arms and kisses her. She pulls away from him and gives him a hard slap in the face.

Car I suppose in your so-called upper set you would call my action un-ladylike, but in the class I come from we call it just right. Now, Mr Longworth, I want to warn you before your brother comes in. I saw you fiddlin' around that desk last night; your manner betrayed you, for I saw at once that you meant theft, but you found nothing. Now, take my advise: keep away from theft. I don't warn you for your sake, but for your father's, the dearest and best of men on earth. If you're found out, he'll die of a broken heart; you will be the cause of it.

Jame Mind your own affairs.

Richard is heard ~~xx~~ saying: Good-night, Leonore.

Rich enters, looks at James and Carol, Have you two been quarrelling again?

Car Oh, nothing serious. She goes to the door, holds out hand to Richard and says: Good night, Mr Longworth.

Rich Won't you say "good night" to James?

Carol goes over to James and gives him her hand; he takes her hand and says Good night.

Car goes to door, Now, don't you two get to quarrelling; I assure you, Mr Longworth, it is nothing, absolutely nothing. She leaves.

Rich looks at James, critically, Have you forgotten old Canton's

words: she's decent and she's honest?.

Jame Of course; you're willing to believe a girl from Cherry Hill can be decent, because you are head over heels in love with her?

Rich I will avenge this insult to that poor girl outside of this house at my earliest opportunity. You coward. You know she is good and pure, for you have just met with failure in trying to insult her.

Jame I bet, you would 'nt fail; she loves you.

Rich grinds his teeth and shakes his fist in anger. Take care, or I will forget we are in our father's house.

Jame Richard, you are a fool. You are willing to believe an apple can grow on a chestnut tree, because the apple has pink cheeks; but it can't, I tell you, it can't. I have had more experience with these things than you. I have always been one of the real boys, while you, well, I 'm inclined to think you are a mistake; you should have been a woman. Take my advice before you ask that girl to marry you; stop to think, she's the daughter of a drunkard, and a girl raised on Cherry Hill.

Rich You have often collected money for rent from the poor people in Cherry Hill, and you have used it in worse places—

Jame Well, I don't mind handling their money, but I do object to being their associate.

Rich When you handle their money you associate with the people; for that money is part of themselves. Do you know how they earn it? Some poor devils earn shovelling snow, some by digging the streets, and others by dumping the refuse from your cans into wagons, they are compelled to sit on. And the women?

Some of them scrub , or wash the very garments you have on your back, or——

Jame Yes, and some of them earn their money by lending themselves, Rich To men like you, who refuse to help them to remain decent; and now, listen to my last words: If Carol will accept me, I shall make her my wife.

Jame Oh, she'll accept you all right; you need 'nt worry about that.

Rich So much the better for me. He goes to door, In the future you are to respect her as your sister. He leaves.

Jame as he looks after Richard, I don't think he will want to marry her, when he hears her father is a thief; and he'll believe it too. Gee, but I am glad I did not have to come to him for the money.—He sits thinking a few moments.— There was a robbery in this house before that fellow came here; and if the girl should tell she saw me at the desk she'll lose her pull here for insulting me. At any rate I don't care what happens here, as long as I get the money. He closes all the doors and windows, turns down the light, then calls in to Richard: Is Fred home yet? It's his night off, you know.

Rich is heard answering, Yes, he's home; he locked the doors after us.

Jame All right; I just wanted to make sure the doors were locked. — Now, the only thing to worry about is if that girl is watching me. If she is, the only thing to do is—— He walks nervously up and down the floor.—Well, I don't care what happens: I must have that money. If she catches me— oh, hell, here I am worrying over being caught by a girl, when on the other hand I will be taken by a detective. I had better go to my room for a while, till all are fast asleep. He leaves.

Carol comes rushing in, in her night robe. She is pale and trembling from head to foot; at every step she takes she cowers as if frightened into a frenzy.

Car whispers, I am taking a desperate chance, but I must do it. I must get that money out of the drawer and place it back again, before the old man comes for it. I must, I must save the man, who gave my mother a decent burial, no matter what the end may be. She goes over to the desk; her hand trembles so, she can't find the keyhole. Suppose I am caught; I'm lost, but the old man won't know his son is a thief. She begins fumbling at keyhole; succeeds in opening desk. Now for the drawer. She takes another key; she imagines she hears some one, and trembles with fright; stops a moment, then tries to open drawer. She succeeds and takes the five rolls of bills in a half-silent, hysterical manner. She begins to walk to the door; when she has reached about half-way James appears. Shrinks back; he then walks over to her, looks at her and sees the money.

James in low tone, So, that's why you warned me not to take that money? You wanted it yourself, little honest, decent girl.

Car still trembling, as she clutches the money tightly, I am honest and I am decent. I took the money to save you from disgracing your father; I took it, to replace it in the morning.

James A pretty story for a novel, but not for me. How did you get the keys to fit?

Car I took them from your father's coat, when he was fast asleep.

James A daring burglar.

Car I did it for a man who deserved my gratitude.

James Yes, it's fine gratitude. But we have no time to argue about

that, you're likely to be caught. Come now, I need the money; I must have it. I will give you one third of that money, if you will give me the rest.

Car You can't get one dollar of this money, unless you kill me. Jane Take care; you are not much to handle. I can get that money by giving you just one blow, but I don't want to hurt you, unless I must.

Car I know. I know; I am only a fly to an elephant just now; but I am going to try another way. I am going to plead with you. Surely, you must have some heart, you, the son of such a man. You won't, you won't break his heart. See, I have dared take the money; I might have been caught by Richard, but I sacrificed myself for your father. Won't you do the same?

Jane No, no; you don't understand the whole thing. I must have the money to keep me out of jail. That will be worse for the old man, won't it?

Car Speak to your father; tell him you are in debt; he will help you.

Jane He won't, he won't, because I gambled; and besides, it's too much. He won't give it, and I must have it, so hand over that money, before you're caught. Do it quick. You see, it's all in my favor; you opened the desk, you took the money. I have nothing to fear; so give me that money, and it will appear as a robbery. No one will suspect us.

Car Please, please, don't try to take it from me, for I shall fight with my last breath. All the girls in Cherry Hill know how to fight, no matter how small they are.

Jane You are a fool; you'll give it up in the end, and I don't care if you tell; because as soon as I get it I will be off. The old gent won't hunt me up either. so here goes.

He comes near her; she puts the money inside her robe, and draws girdle tighter. As he approaches her she tries to ward him off; she dodges him as often as possible, making some little noise.

Jane Look out, you'll wake them.

Car If ther's no other way. I will wake them, but you won't get the money.

He runs over to her and grasps her hands. She tries to throw herself on the floor, face down; he tries to prevent it. When she finds she can't get down on the floor, she begins biting his hand. He bites his lips from pain, throws her from him with terrific force; she lands against chair, upsetting it.

Car screams You devil in man's clothes.

He makes an attempt to come near her.

Car picks up a chair, and screams loud, If you come near me, I 'll kill you.

Door opens; enter entire family in night robes, all showing their horror and amazement. A pause.

Mr L to Carol, How come you and my son to be alone in my library at this hour of the night?

Car hesitatingly, I came, I came to speak to your son, James.

Mr L How did you know you would meet him in this room at such an hour? besides, good girls usually don't meet men at night in such scant attire.

Car in a choking voice, Oh, don't, please dont; you may think anything but that. She covers her face with her hands and sobs.

Rich Father, your desk is open. Richard goes to the desk and opens the drawer. Your money is gone.

Mr L horrified, My money gone? My God, what does this mean?

He looks from one to the other, then walks over to James, looks at him searchingly, and says in low, choking tone: James, if I thought you took that money I'd blow out my brains

Car softly, He did'nt take the money, Mr Longworth; I took it.

Mr L. turns to Carol, shocked beyond speech.

Rich rushes forward, crying wildly, It's a lie, an outrageous lie.

Father, can't you see she is shouldering his crime?

Car It's bad enough to be found out a thief without putting the blame on an innocent man. I took the money. She takes the money from her bosom. Here it is; James tried to take it from me, when you all came in.

Rich My God. He covers his face with his hands.

Leo comes over to him, and whispers: There is something behind this, Richard. Be brave, and we'll find it out.

Mr L What did you intend to do with so much money?

Car assumes her old character, Why, bless yer heart, old man; a woman never has too much money. I intended takin' my dad and a few o' my old pals out West, buy up some land, an' live with me own kind for the rest of my life. I never, never could be happy with this hot air around me all the time.

Mr L goes over to James, James, it's the first time I have cause to say: it's best to leave beggars alone. I will never befriend another in all my life.

Leo Don't say that, father, for I still believe there is some mistake.

Mr L I need no further proof than to find the money in her possession, and hear her say, she was not happy in our home.

Car takes the money and puts it on the table, Here's your money.

Now, what are you going to do with me, send for the police?

Mr L No, but as soon as it is morning, I am going to send you back where you belong, back to Cherry Hill.

Car walks slowly to the door, then turns, looks at them, and says: Cherry Hill ai'nt such a bad place as you think, Mr Longworth. You must'nt judge all by one; and you know there's lots o' stealing done by big bugs, only there's money enough ter cover it. —Well, good bye to all o' you; I'm sorry we don't part friends, for I must admit you've all been good ter me. She surpresses a sob. I could'nt help it; the temptations was too great, an' I suppose my bringing up was the cause of it. Good bye, I'll be goin' as soon as the sun rises. She leaves.

Curtain.

Act IV.

Scene: Same as Act I.

Time: very early in the morning.

A knock is heard on the door. No answer. Another knock; still no answer. Carol is seen looking in through the window. She pulls out a rag that is stuffed in the broken pane, puts her hand inside and turns catch, raises window and climbs in. The room is a rear one on the ground floor of the tenement. She closes window and looks around.

Car Father is 'nt in. She throws off her hat and coat. I suppose he's out on an all-night drunk. Oh,— she wails—, why have 't I the courage to end it all at once. I'm weak, like poor mother used to be; she held on to her wretched life as long as she could. She sits down. What shall I do now? I can't live here and see my father come home drunk and swear. No, I could 'nt stand that any more. She looks over to stove; sees a scuttle full of coal and a basket of wood. What's this? Coal and wood, and plenty of it; then he can't be drinking, or he'd have sold this for liquor. She runs to the ~~stair~~ closet, opens door and looks surprised. Coffee, tea and sugar and condensed milk; and look, oh, I can't believe my own eyes, a cake and jelly. Why, I'm sure, I am very sure he can't be drinking, or he would 'nt have all these things — A knock is heard on the door. That must be him now. No, he would 'nt knock on his own door. She runs to the door, opens it, but stands behind it, so person coming in can not see her. Enter a boy about ten years old with a tin pot in his hand.

Car Why, Mike, since when do you come down here?

Mike is so surprised he drops the coffee pot.

Mike Holy, smotherin' Moses, if it ai'nt Carol; or is it yer ghost?

Car It's me, Mike, all me; and I am glad to see you are calling on my father.

Mike Gee, I 'm glad ye' was sorry yer went away, and come back. It was a shame ter leave yer old man all alone like dat. None of us in de house did'nt have any love for your family, 'cause you an' yer mother was so stuck up; but when yer left der old guy we hold him cryin' like er kid. So we went in ter him an' we've been coming ever since.

Car I am so glad you have been good to him. You won't be sorry for it, for now I am going to stay and work, and reward you as you deserve. Tell me, what did you have in that pot?

Mike Coffee. Me mother sends down the coffe hot in the morning; you see he works nights now, he's night-watchman fer some new houses what's buildin'. He comes in about seven in the morning stiff with de cold. He ought'er be here by this time.

Car It was so good of your mother; I'll do my best to pay you all back. I'll make a good fire now, and he'll find it nice and warm when he gets home; and we'll all have hot coffee and cake.

Mike I know he's got cake all-right; he gives me a piece every time I come in.

Carol begins building fire; while she does so she speaks to Mike.

Car How are your littlr sisters and brothers getting along?

Mike Well, sometimes de cry because de're hungry, sometimes 'cause de're cold, an' then 'cause de're scrappin'; an' a whole lot o' times de cry just because de're used ter it.

Car Poor little tots; but tell me, Mike, does your father do any-

Mike Bet yer sweet life; he's doin' a whole lot more things than we wants him ter do.

Car What do you mean by that?

Mike Oh, he keeps hisself busy lickin' de old woman, bossin' me an' kickin' de kids around.

Car as she fills the coffee pot with water, Then he is 'nt earning anything at all, is he?

Mike Not a blamed copper.

Car How on earth do you all manage to live?

Mike Well, me an' Pat an' Nora we sell papers, an' den we get some help from de Sunshine Home.

Car as she grinds coffee, Don't they try to give your father a lift?

Mike Sure; One o' them comes in last week an' lifts him up; he was layin' all in a heap on de floor.

Car I did 'nt mean that much; I mean don't they try to reform him? I know they often tried it with my father, but couldnt succeed.

Mike If they could 'nt succeed with your dad, how in hell kin dey with mine?

Car putting ground coffee in pot, My father was too weak.

Mike And my father is too strong. Carol begins setting table. And that reminds me I better be goin' or he'll be tryin' his strengt' on me. He goes over to door. Wish me luck, Carol. All I make over a dollar I keeps; ye' see, I'm tryin' ter save ter buy me mother a pair o' shoes fer Christmas, an' a pair o' wollen mitts fer all de kids. He laughs. Gee, won't they all be swell walking out with gloves on det fists. He laughs again. Good bye fer to-day, Carol; I wish I could stay an' see yer ol' man when he comes in. He'll tink de Brooklyn

Bridge hit him on de nut. He runs out.

Car as she finishes dressing table, and puts things in order, So, father is a night watchman; oh, it's too good to be true. She stops to think for a few moments. I wonder what caused the change. Can it be he really loved my mother? Does he really repent? Richard's words are slowly coming home to me: perhaps if she had tried, But she did 'nt, I know she did 'nt; she despised him because he fooled her into marriage by telling her he was rich. He may have done this because he loved her, and there was no other way of getting her. --A pause.--He may have been driven to drink when he found she did not love him, but hated him with a hatred that was unchangeable. Well, she shakes her head, the miserable misunderstanding between mother and father must unjustly fall upon the child.

A key is heard fumbling in lock of door.

Car That's him now. She hides in a corner.

Mr C comes in; looks at stove, What's this? A fire, and a good roaring fire at that. Has the saints been wixkin' for me? He looks at table, And the table is all set for breakfast. I wonder some one must have come in here. A pause.--Of course somebody was here; the door was 'nt locked, for the key would 'nt turn. Oh, maybe it's me birthday, and the Lord is surprisin' me. Carol comes out from corner and slowly walks over to him. As he sees her he begins to stagger. Carol, Carol, me girl did yer come ter see yer father at last? He takes her in his arms, patting her gently on the head. Ah, me girl ye 'll never know how me heart ached for the sight o' yer face again. He brushes away a tear. I know. I know I did 'nt deserve yer sympathy, but I was 'nt as bad as you

think I was. Some day, when I'll be me real self again, I'll tell yer all about it. But now, now girl, let me look at you. She raises her head slowly; he looks at her surprised, Why, girl, you don't look well and you don't look happy; what's the trouble? She lowers her head. Carol, when I sent yer to Mr L's home you walked with yer head up; you come back ter see me with yer head down. He goes over to her. Tell yer father, girl; is there any reason for you to be lookin' down?

Car I've come home ter stay with you, father; we'll be all to one another. We will work and we'll be very happy.

Mr C in commanding manner, I asked ye' is there any reason for you to be lookin' down?

Car I'd rather not answer that question just now.

Mr C staggers back as if struck by a blow, You'd rather not answer so, that's why you come back ter see yer father, is it?

He stands looking at Carol, biting his lips and clenching his fists; then with a sudden impulse puts on hat and coat and goes to the door.

Car rushes after him, Where are you going, father?

Mr C takes revolver from pocket, This was intended for thieves; but I am going to use on ~~the~~ a blackguard, much worse than a thief; a man that shamed my girl.

Car throws arms around his neck, No, no, father; I did 'nt understand you. I see, I see what you mean now. You did 'nt think yer girl would fall as low as that, did you?

Mr C looks at her, You did 'nt understand me? I asked you if you had any reason for lookin' down; ye' said, yer did 'nt care ter answer that question. Well, why can't you answer that question? It would be easy for you, if yer conscience were

good.

Car My conscience is very good, father. She looks at him pleadingly, then leads ~~to~~ him to a chair. He sits down.

Mr O If it's good you can look up.

Car I can look up to you, father; I can look straight in your eyes just as I did when I was five years old. But I am in trouble, in deep trouble. She leans head on his shoulder.

Mr O Well, I am not drunk now; I'll understand ye if yer tell me.

Car I'm afraid to tell, because you won't let me take the blame I'm willing to shoulder.

Mr O You don't know about that. I've been carrying a blame on my shoulders, that did'nt belong ter me, since I married yer mother. If you promise to tell me your trouble I 'll promise ter tell you mine.

Car Tell me yours; perhaps it will give me courage.

Mr O I suppose you know I was a poor boy; but my parents were respectable. When I was fourteen years old I started out in life but did'nt get on very well; but I always found young men in better circumstances than I was to pal with. One o' me pals invited me home with him; I fell in love with his sister. He sighs. I loved her so; I could'nt live without her, but she would'nt marry a beggar. So I told her I had land in the West. We married and went there. When she found out I was poor, she began ter hate me. She said I only married her fer her money; but it was'nt so, I loved her, but she began ter hate me so. I could'nt stand the awful looks she gave me; so I began ter drink. I did'nt care what became of me; I went from bad ter worse. But she stayed in her place;

She was too proud ter go home; so we both suffered, and she died still thinking I married her fer her money. So, you see, my girl, I suffered too, when I might have been happy. Now's your turn ter tell me.

Car You have suffered for a crime you did 'nt commit; so, father, am I going to suffer for a crime I did not commit. First I must remind you how kind Mr Longworth was to mother; he saved her from a pauper's grave. Then he took me to his home, where I was treated like his own child; but, father, he can't help having a wayward boy. James, his younger son, got into trouble. He had to have money; so he tried to steal the money his father had put in the desk over night. I knew the money was there, and I knew James would steal it; so I stole the key's and took the money intending to keep it till the morning, when it would be safe to put it back. But I was caught. James, the would-be-thief, caught me. He tried hard to take the money from me; but I fought like a tigress. When I felt my strength giving out I began to scream so as to wake the family. Father, you can guess the rest. She buries her face in his lap.

Mr D You were caught with the money in your possession, and they are sure you are the thief.

Car nods her head, Yes.

Mr G And you said nothing to deny it?

Car No.

Mr G And you expect me to let them go on believing it?

Car Yes; you lived with a heavy burden, why can't I?

Mr G I could not prove my innocence, but I can prove yours, and I will.

Car Think of that old, grey-haired man; he will die shamed and broken hearted. You know I am innocent. What do we care for their world; we don't live in it, we won't ever meet again.

Mr G Mr G I thought. I thought Mr Richard was rather sweet on you, and I know you liked him.

Car sadly, That's another reason for my taking the blame. A daughter of Cherry Hill is unfit to be the wife of a man like Richard Longworth; so this was the best way to open his eyes.

Mr G Then you think he really did care for you?

Car I am sure he did.

Mr G Then you will right yourself in his eyes; you must tell him the truth, or I will.

Car You won't, father, you won't, for you and I will never be happy after that.

Mr G Well, I don't deny they've been good to us; but girls don't pay with their honor.

A sharp knock on the door is heard. Enter Richard. Carol and her father look surprised.

Rich Am I welcome to come in?

Mr G Very welcome, Sir. Sit down and make yourself as comfortable as possible.

Carol puts on her hat and coat.

Rich Are you going out, Miss Carol, because I'm here; won't you shake hands with me?

Car goes over to him slowly. Do you wish to shake hands with me?

Rich Of course I do. They shake hands; he looks straight into her eyes, she does not flinch. He draws a deep breath, and releases her hand slowly.

Rich turns to Mr G., Did you expect Carol home today?

Mr G How could I expect her home? I was so surprised when I came in and found a good fire and my table set, and my girl walking out o' that corner, I almost collapsed with joy. Of course, I ai'nt quite so happy now— Carol tries to motion to him,—because, because—he looks over at Carol ; she is motioning him to silence by putting her finger on her lips.— well, because Carol won't let me say the rest.

Rich to Carol You have told your father the truth?

Car Yes.

Rich Then why did'nt you tell me the truth?

Car What do you mean?

Rich Why did,nt you tell me the same as you told your father, that my brother James was the thief?

Car too surprised to talk loud, who told you what I told my father?

Rich You told him no lie; for James has told us the truth.

Car whispers, Then he did tell the truth after all?

Rich runs forward, No, he did not tell the truth; I tricked you into telling me the truth. He is beside himself with joy.

Rich to Mr G., Mr Canton, I love your daughter, and I came here to ask you for her hand.

Mr G trembling with emotion, Mr Longworth; my daughter is a daughter of Cherry Hill.

Rich And Cherry Hill should be as proud of her as I will be.

Curtain.